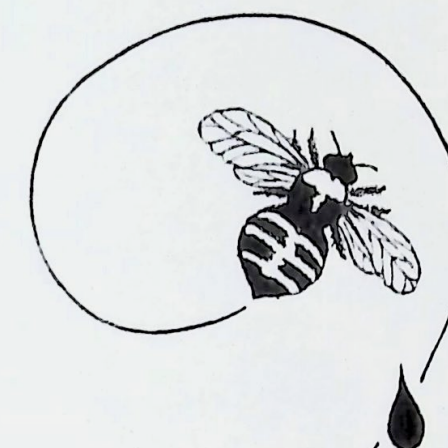


JARL
GILBERT
SHIFLET
NUTTER
CHAMBERLAIN
EMERSON
HARRIS
BLAISDELL
BORGES
CARGEN
WORKIN
KINNER
1968
THE
BUBBLE

The
BUMBLEBEE

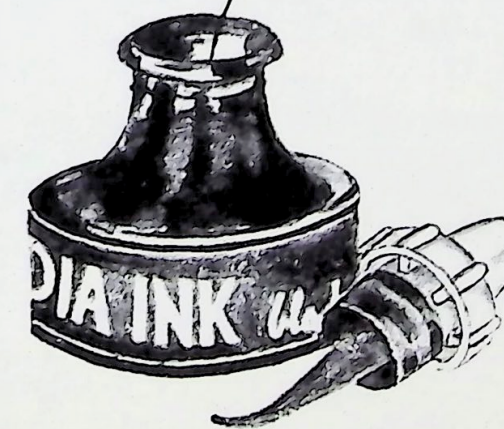


Spring 1968

**LANE
HIGH SCHOOL**

**CHARLOTTESVILLE
VIRGINIA**

VOLUME 56



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Where?

Jed Orkin '69

By walking through fields of waving wonder
and climbing up steps of verdant green
I reach the place where grew Sharon's rose
and stand 'neath the glowing sun's sheen.

Here, looking down at a rushing stream
fed by Lorien's waters, chill,
I laugh and leap toward the crystal beam
giddily rolling down the hill . . .
wonderfully whirling down and 'round
I see the world now joyously dancing,
the sky tumbling 'round the silly earth
and the orange sun drunkenly prancing.

Why?

Jesse Taylor '68

Little girl, why don't you look for me?
I'll be there, because I'm everywhere.

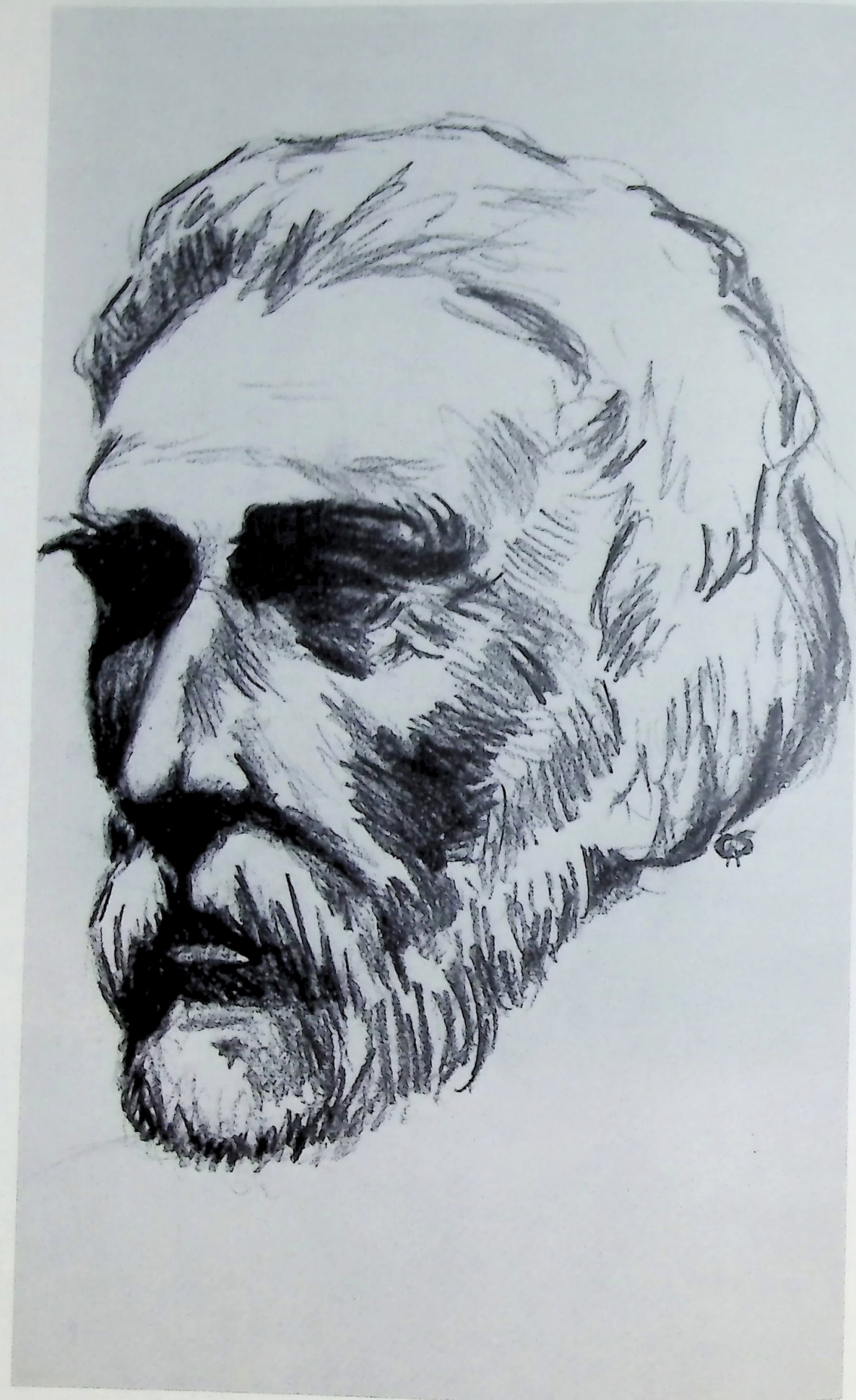
And child, why don't you ask me?
I have answers, because I'm all-wise.

Young one, why can't you lean on me?
I have strength, because I'm all powerful.

And woman, why can't you cry to me?
I'll listen, because I'm understanding.

Little girl, why don't you come to me?
I can keep you, because I'm everlasting.

And child, why won't you pray to me?
I'll answer, because I'm your God.



To a Magical Elfin Friend

Missy Boaz '69

You touch my face
like a sensitive child
caressing a velvet flower.
Gradually
Your gentle motions
so hypnotize my being
that it begins
to believe in its
blossom existence
and sends out wisps
of my soul to join
with yours.

Rings, Baubles and Things

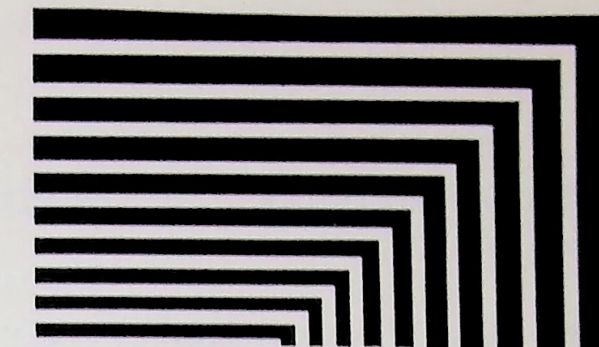
Jed Orkin '69

Did you know you can see a falling star at night if
you only look long enough? It's true. It's the same thing
in life also. It's silly really; we live all our lives but most
of us miss the falling stars. Me—I was fortunate. Yester-
day, for no reason I just stopped walking down Main
Street and stood in the shade of one of the buildings.
And looked. And there were all the people. All busy,
all doing the same thing I had been doing moments
before. Hurrying, loafing, walking, running to do some-
thing, anything. And then hurrying, walking, loafing,
running home when they finished their something.
Home, where no one could see them. And I kept looking,
watching. If they came in groups they talked, or laughed,
or looked together. If alone they tried to look as if they
had a purpose, a thing to do, too. And still I watched.
And the people kept coming and going, looking or not
looking, this way or that. People coming into view,
walking past, and then out of sight. And I kept watching,
and soon I began to smile. Then I saw the falling star.
A man was standing across the street and a few stores
down. My eyes met his and he nodded to me and
winked. Then I started walking again; towards stage left.

Lifepicture

Laura Wallace '68

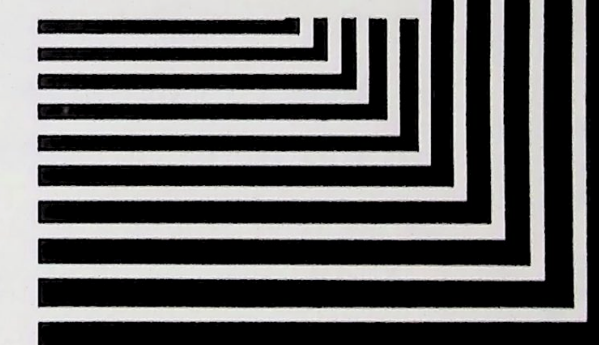
This poster, man—
It's really groovy,
 way-out, baby—
I mean, like
I really dig that.
It's like clouds, and love,
 and flowers, man.
Then how come
When that black
 light's on it,
It hurts so bad
 to look?



Facade

Missy Boaz

Long ago I feared and hid
myself in a shell, a decorated
toy box, to prevent my being
further battered by unknowing
and unthinking hands. Some-
where in time the bolt slipped
and rusted shut. It is dark in
here. I cannot see myself. I have
been masked by the box for so
long I have forgotten what I look
like. Again, I fear. I fear not for
myself but for Pandora and what
she will see when she breaks the
lock.



An Extravagant What

Don Gianniny '68

In purple shrouded flowers
 round blackened sewers
The unguided grabber
 floats death-like
And very much alive
 in the kaleidoscopic
Garden of where.

ARMORIES

ten o'clock
riding to Quaker meeting
passing many parked cars
waiting outside the armory
flashing visions
of Roman papal empires
in the name of Lord
of English holy crusaders
to fight for Holy Land
of American democracies
in the fight for Freedom
of eternal blind men
afraid to open their eyes
suddenly i know that
armories make good churches

Don
Gianniny
'68

- # Killing
- 3 Is odious
- 8 To civilized creatures...
- 8 So say laws that genuflect
- 6 To war.

Mike Williams '68

THE PENTAGON

The Fugs, Peter, Paul, and Mary, Phil Ochs: Music . . . Joan Baez was in jail and couldn't make it. The songs were loud and boisterous for those in the front, faint and half-hearted for those near the back. But the aura of peaceful beauty floated from the speaker's stand at the Lincoln Memorial out to the reflecting pool and draped the listeners on each side of the water.

It was a sunshiny Saturday . . . warm in the sun. The hippies lounged in the parks to the left and right of the main body of marchers where they got the rays of light. Students talked, cheered. Few listened to the speeches but all got the message. A bit, a small piece of a speech was caught up and devoured in the mind.

Everyone was there . . . the old ones, the young ones, the children, the parents, the conformists, the nonconformists. Love spread itself thickly over the masses. Police estimated maybe 55,000. Dave Dellinger, a co-leader of the march said there were more like 220,000. Who cares? People were there, that's what counted. The Fuzz strutted up and down on the roof of the Memorial, up tight with their guns and crew-cuts.

A long delay before the march.

"When are we going?"

"Dunno. Should think they'd have gone by now. Take til 'round six to get this bunch outa here and on to the Pentagon!"

And then they went. The congregation slowly, painstakingly, but surely, exited for the Pentagon. They chanted. They sang. They were happy to be moving.

"What do you want?"

"Peace!!!"

"When do you want it?"

"Now!!! Peace now, peace now!!! Peace in Vietnam!" It was beautiful. Thousands of people united for a common cause . . . peace.

The north parking lot of the Pentagon was reached. The organizers were in the lead: students for a Democratic Society. They pushed on toward the main steps . . . past the American Legion, the Nazis, and the MP's up to the Pentagon Plaza. The march permit allowed the demonstrators, but they were met with resistance from the soldiers. Walls were scaled, steps climbed, a bullhorn blasted, and the plaza was in the hands of the marchers.

All was secure, at least for the moment. There was a peaceful atmosphere. Soldiers conversed with the demonstrators. Grass and

REALITIES

Don Gianniny

The veritable axes of end
glow with the love of hate (?)
In these undefinable circumstances
certain lovable appear
Most undeniable obscenities
incarnated beautiful
By repetition and rebirth
shall forever stand
At the ultimate
of realities morely
At the ultimate
of non-realities.

PEACE MARCH

hash were smoked on the steps, draft cards were burned. The soldiers were encouraged to desert.

"Join us, join us!"

Two do; one was arrested; one escapes. Midnight came. Blankets, fires: it was cold. Midnight also brought a changing of the guard. The military policemen were replaced by the 82nd Airborne Division, Veterans of Vietnam. Too many . . . they meant trouble.

"We are the enemy, just like the Vietnamese children they have killed and maimed!"

Bayonets are attached to guns. Unarmed demonstrators were kicked, beaten and bayoneted. The troops massed for an attack. A wedge was formed.

"They are trying to cut us in half . . . to separate the group!"

Tear gas guns . . . the marchers lock arms. The wedge of brave paratroopers doing their duty moved in, knocking, jabbing, piercing, bruising heads and arms to break the chain of locked arms. The crowd pleaded . . .

"Please, we love you. We only want peace, no violence!"

The Star Spangled Banner was sung. No avail. Paddy wagons . . . people were carted off, arrested. Not many demonstrators left the scene. To leave was to leave one's brother to be clubbed. The troops succeeded in breaking the group in two parts, but still they kept on.

"MacNamara has arrived!"

The soldiers moved off at this announcement, then inched forward again, pressing against the crowd. If one moved, even if he only gave ground, he was hit and taken away. Some were dragged off and thrown into the crowd again. Sit-ins were attacked. Blood ran freely.

Sunday. A group of 200 remained. By noon, 50 were picked off, one by one. Sunday evening. A teach-in to the soldiers. At twelve, midnight, the permit to demonstrate ended. Those remaining were dragged off, arrested.

A reporter: "Much of this was left out of the wire stories for the sake of brevity, and because there had been very few reporters there. I was, though; it was painful to tell it."

The demonstration was over; there remains but a vision. To most it is a picture of a uniformed man. He is helmeted and has a gas mask on. He holds a club and a rifle with a bayonet. He resembles a figure from another world.

Maybe he is.

Kenneth Coughlin '70

APOLLO'S DAY

Bill Wilson '68

There was a time when I could see,
When the hawk and colt and swaying tree
Belonged to me as everyone.

Damn this light I cannot sense.
Let heaven and all her radiance
Fall and never show her sun.

My friends' enlightened world, now gay,
Will drink their fill on Apollo's day.
For he will gain his slow desire
And all will blaze . . . eternal fire.

Tapestry velvet outlined
In golden rope seams
To hold in scenes
Of forgotten antiquity,
Hanging on a brown stone wall
Above dusty floors
Below a giantly gothic-arched roof,
Warriors of kingdoms
Long since crumbled
Face off for eternity.
Unable to fly,
A sinking sun
Tries unsuccessfully
To set.

Mike Davis
'69

TAPESTRIES

China Doll

Terry Nutter '68

The sun shone through the clouds, entered the kitchen by the window, and lay on the floor in mottled patches. The girl swept the floor diligently, as if to try to sweep the sun out. Back and forth scraped the broom, each time bringing with it more dust from the cracks between the boards which would never be thoroughly clean. But the girl intended to clean them as much as possible; intently she plied her broom, ignoring the golden light.

But the playful sunlight was annoyed; it was not used to being ignored. In vain attempts to attract the girl's attention, it ran its golden fingers through her short, dark hair, making it sparkle and glow. The sunbeams cast their warmth over her shoulders. Still the girl ignored the sun, and went on working.

She finished with the broom and stood it in a corner. Then, moving with the clumsy grace of young womanhood, she crossed the room to the table. Taking up a cloth, she dusted the table and the old china doll on it. The doll caught her fancy as the sun had failed to. She put the cloth down on the table, pulled out a chair slowly, and sat down facing the doll. She reached out gently and drew it to her. Gently she ran her fingers over the folds in the doll's dress as she gazed into the silent, patient eyes.

The doll had stood on the table looking out from behind her placid china face on the rest of the world for as long as the girl could remember. As she stared into the quiet blue eyes, she seemed to communicate in a very special way with her.

The doll seemed alive, too, if only one could reach her. She was alive, and felt. The girl, as she gazed into the doll's eyes, slowly began to put into a coherent form the way she had felt about the doll since she was a little girl.

When she was very small, her mother used to tell her that the doll was fragile—fragile because it was made of china. The girl had known better. The doll was fragile, but not because she was made of china. There was another, better reason why. The doll had been sad. Not that she was sad any more—the sadness was all in the past. But the grief had made her delicate, and now one had to be very careful and treat the doll very gently, or her heart would break into a million pieces, and no one would ever be able to put it together again.

The girl had never told her mother this; her mother would never have understood. She had never understood fully, herself, until now. Now she knew, though. She had known pain and felt compassion for the doll.

A familiar dull ache returned to the girl. It was not a physical symptom, a headache, a backache, or a stomachache, caused by too much work, or a cold, or something else. It was something much harder to place—this pain—brought on by remembering.

The girl shook her head hard in an attempt to clear its sudden fuzziness. She told herself, I must not remember my mother again; I must forget what is past. I must not look at the china doll and think of sorrow and pain.

She stood abruptly and reached for the broom. She swept it back and forth mechanically over the same space of floor a few times. Then, feeling the tears begin to rise, she dropped the broom, ran into the bedroom, sat on her bed and wept.

The sun left off playing on the floor and, as if in sorrow, hid its light behind the heavy clouds.

The china doll understood, and cried for her friend.



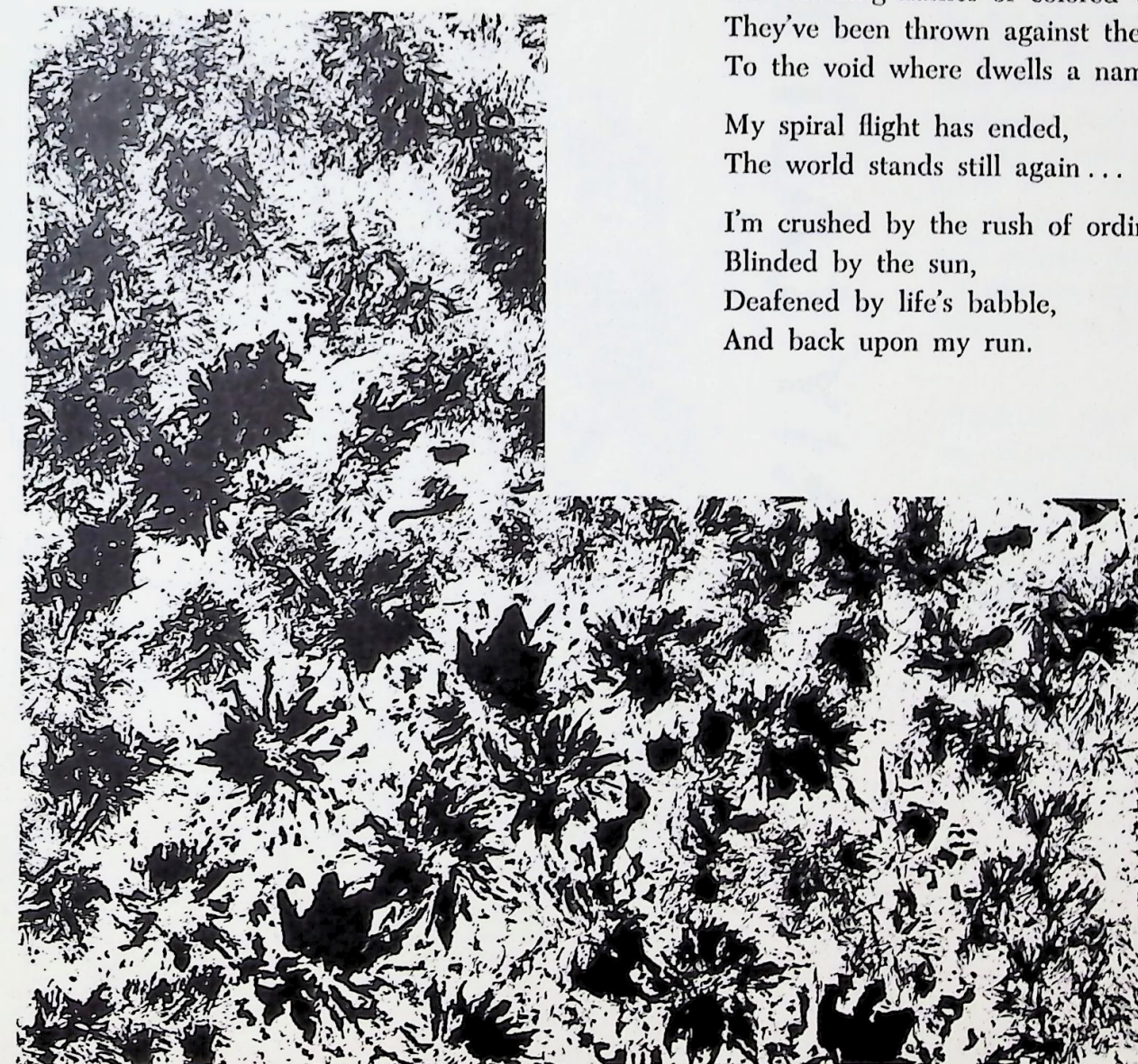
Einsam

Kristin Caruso '68

A single star shone in the sky
And there below on the earth stood I.
I reached my hand up far to touch,
But realizing the distance was far too much
Let it fall again to my side.

I felt a cold wind start to blow,
A cold wind I did not wish to know
So I turned my collar way up high
And waited for that cold wind to die
But it built up like an in-coming tide.

I tried to make my laughter come;
I couldn't and there was no place to run.
So I stood there on that dark, cold hill
And listened to everything silent, still.
And I was lonely.



Storm

Jed Orkin '69

In the purple night of mornin'
On the highest mountain in the sky,
The deep snow starts a-cryin'
And the red world shuts its eye.

I can no longer hear the bells
Of those crystal castles far beyond,
Their towering spires now echoing knells,
From the land of which I was so fond.

Can nothing save the tiny stars,
So brightly burning on white space,
Before they drown in oblivion
As they flicker and die without a trace?

The wind has beaten down again
The blinding flashes of colored white,
They've been thrown against the nothing
To the void where dwells a nameless fright.

My spiral flight has ended,
The world stands still again...

I'm crushed by the rush of ordinary,
Blinded by the sun,
Deafened by life's babble,
And back upon my run.



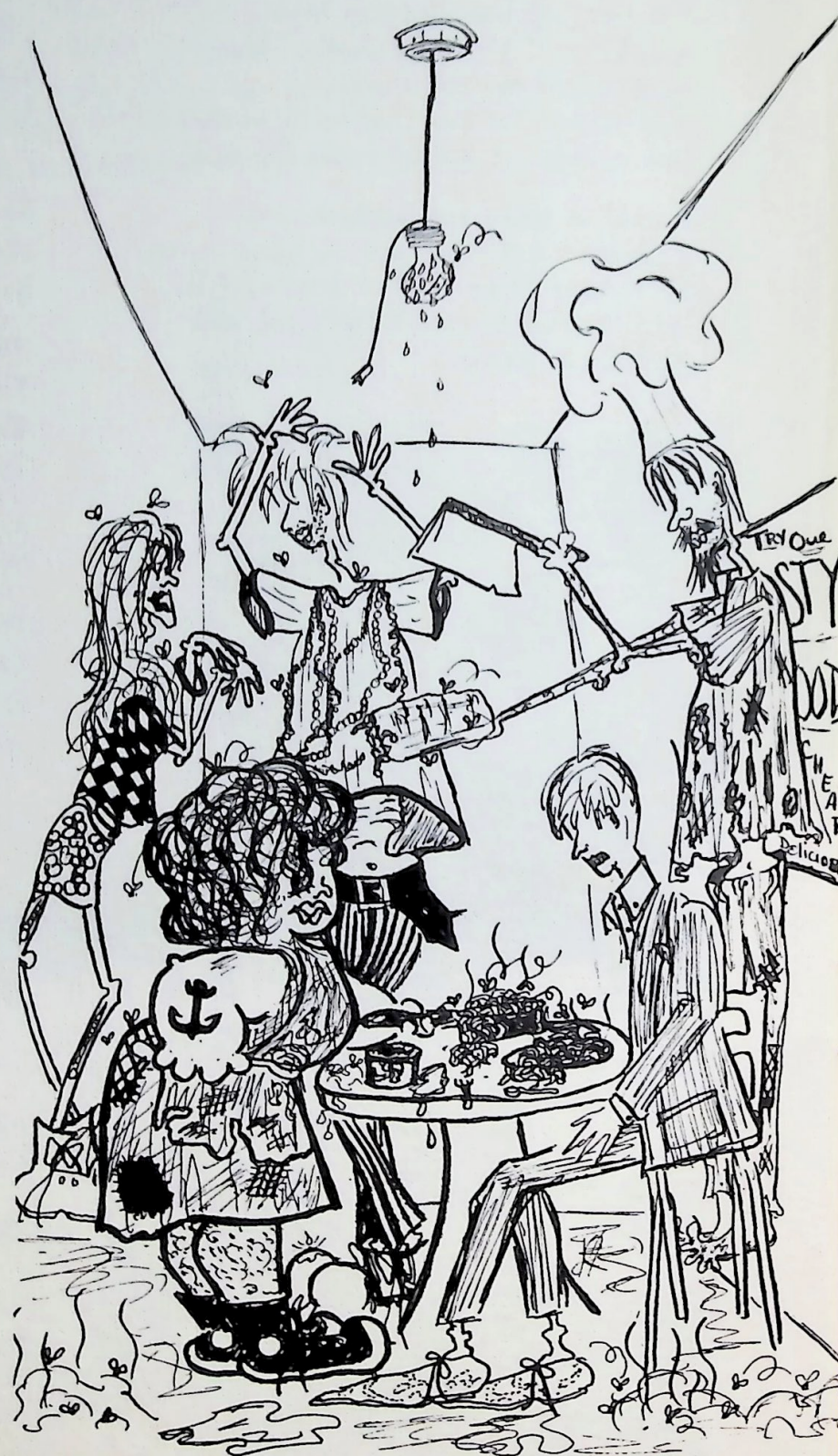
Summer Storm

Kristin Caruso '68

The blinding silver knife leaving
A jagged slash
Tore through the
Soft, night-blue velvet
Resounding o'er the earth.
The lady of the velvet
Sighed gently
And
Began to cry.

MY LAST NIGHT at the

Missy Boaz '69



Karen Largent '68

Laura Wallace '68

Terry Nutter '68

Sandi Ellis '68

Phyllis Hopkinson '68

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d) ecture

Laura Wallace

Missy Boaz

SOLITARY

The Spinster's Web

Motanna Hunt '69

Step soft, step light, my heavy friend,
 Ere you wake your sleeping bretheren from their beds.
 Tarry not, wait by the crook' road. Hurry! Hurry!
 Meet while the moon is veiled; meet by the tree of dead!
 Whistle not, turn not, go straight ahead.
 For if you don't, Dane Dory, they'll hear you and turn
 about in bed.

Dane Dory, Dane Dory! You're late; see the moon climb high?
 See it climb against the light'nin' sky?

Dane Dory, see the wind blow, hear you the wild voices
 so near?

Lis', Dane Dory. Lis'. Hear the soft groan
 from o'er head?

Time's a-wastin', Dane Dory.

The groan you'd heard overhead? . . . 'tis the voice of
 your neighbor just dead.

Oh hurry, Dane Dory! The voice will haunt you,
 Dane Dory . . . seek you . . . seek you
 'til you're dead.

Lis'! Lis'! Here your traitor love comes.

Lis', how light;
 how soft the step!

Hurry, false spinster. Hurry! Come to the tree where
 so many have bled.
 Hurry!

Your poor, dead one's soul; near it hunts
 for Dane Dory!
 Hurry, dear love, his soul
 floats o'er head.

The wind has gone dead . . . strange . . .
 Look, Dane Dory! Look, look, how
 the earth has changed.

So still, so dead.
 Dane Dory, has not the sky
 grown bloody red?

Have not the stars
 grown a vomit yellow?
 Your eyes, Dane Dory,
 they look so strange!

What see you, Dane Dory?
 What is it? Has your love come?
 Is she there?



Eastern Culture Made Easy in One Simple Lesson

Mike Davis '69

Polar bears stalking
Rhinos across the
North Sea
As a Buddhist priest
Spinning a Hindu
Prayer wheel
Floats by on an
Iceberg.

Pajama clad men
Spotted red
Walk on water
And wonder about
The meaning of it all.

One boy, in One village, in One country,
Living One of an endless cycle
Of lives cries to his mother
Who comforts him.

COMFORT

Missy Boaz '69

Sipping silver sad,
the tissue
touched
her face
silently sympathetic
held her hand.



On Being Alone

Kristin Caruso '68

I
like
to walk
in shadows,
for
there,
masked in the clouds of darkness,
can I drop all mediocrity,
and be
myself.

Oh, Lovely

Andy Rockett '68

Oh lovely, plastic, dimstore, reddish rose,
Your petals seem to be most perfect now—
Eternal beauty loved by man here frozen
By man-made tool into the form of thou.
A thousand days, a thousand nights, or more,
Your beauty you have given me each time
I searched for hope to make my spirits soar:
You seemed too good to cost only a dime.
And yet, when I upon you gaze and dream,
I know I need not linger now to look
As on tomorrow you shall surely seem
The same: your beauty time will not have shook.
Oh plastic rose, I can not love you ever;
I only love what time from me may sever.

Alpine Brainsong

Ted Garnett

I climbed the peak in rainbow darkness
Floating from the past
I sat in snowy morningshade
A Buddhist prince I was

The glacier ice was shimmering with
Soft and brilliant dew
The whitest white dove in the sky brought
Me back here to you

So here we stand, my head and I
Beneath a flowered moon
And all the astral comedies will
Raise their curtain soon

DIVINE CHILD

Ted Garnett '68

Divine child, who in
The worst of dreams
Reached out to me

Divine child, who touched
My bare shoulder and
Made me weep

Divine child, who is
My brother with
Downcast eyes

Divine child, who is
Naked also, kneeling
In empty altars

Divine child, who in
Years I killed
With stoneheart...

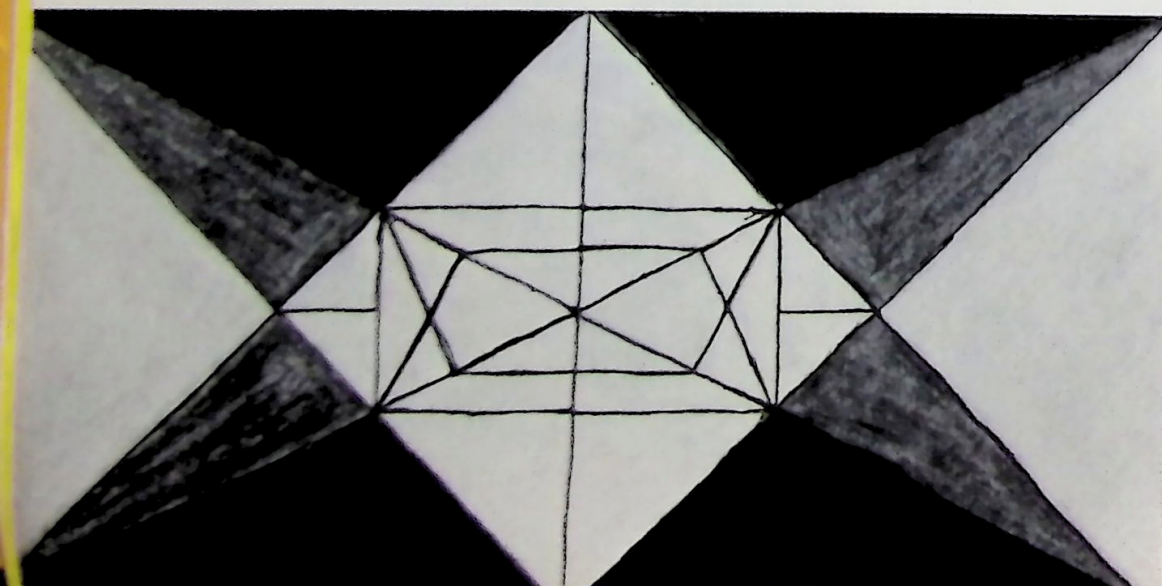
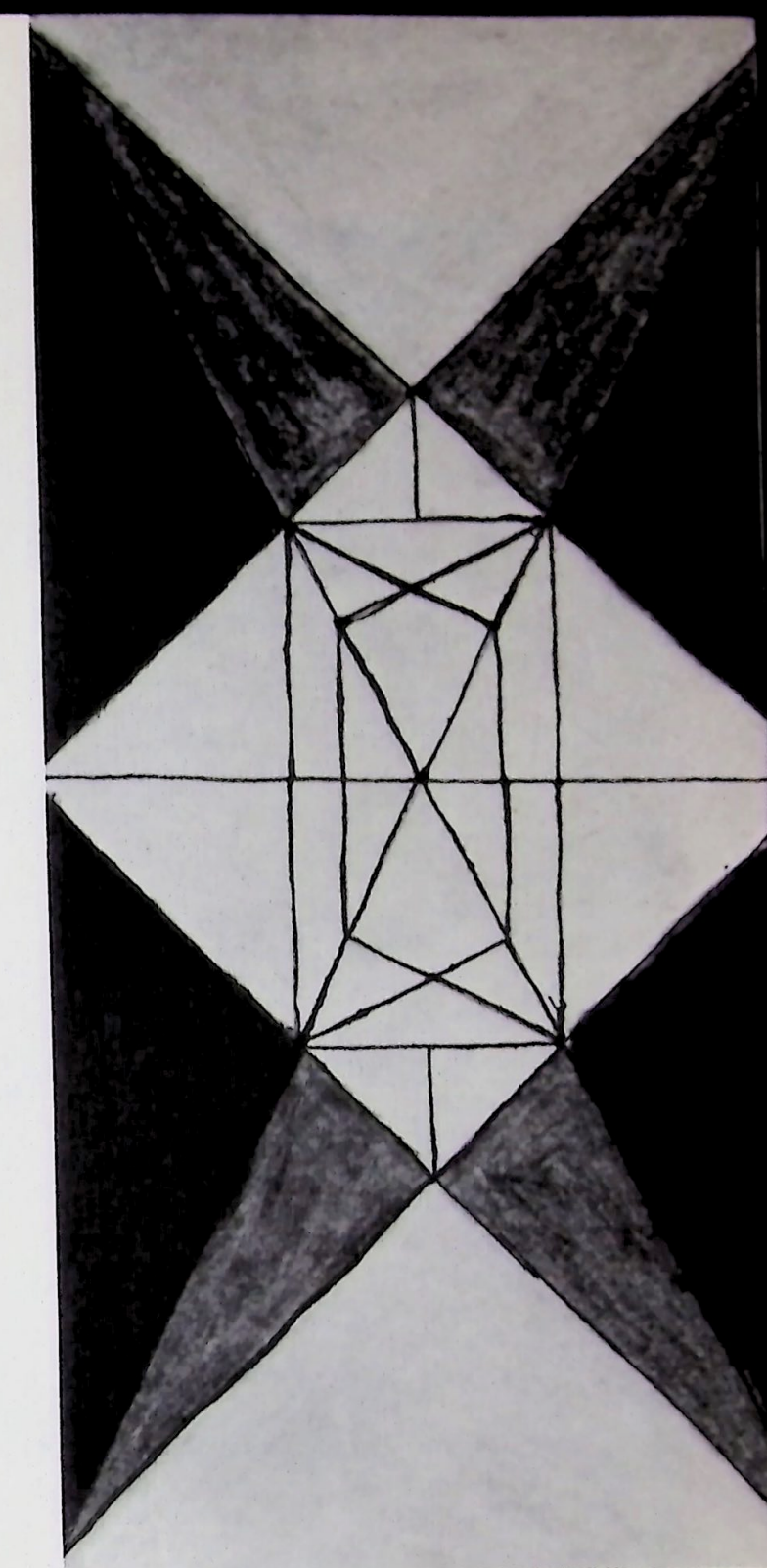
Again and again!

My Condolences to the Wife of Utopia

Mike Meeks '69

I am so tired of being
Stung by hornets and
Torn apart by thorns
While walking through
Satin fields.

Roses and tulips were
Meant to be crushed by
The boots of an angry man.



Song Without End

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

A rooster crows,
It's morning;
Spring's morning,
Winter has fled;
A snowman cries pure tears.
A small boy in a heavy jacket
Walks with a pail to the barn.
He stops, and stares at the world.
He shouts
And drops his pail
And sheds his coat
And kicks off his shoes
And runs, barefooted,
Through the pasture.
He skips down to the creek
Whose face is cracked and slushy,
And a fat trout hides impatiently
Under the dying roof.
And the boy runs through the forest
Shouting love to sleepy squirrels
And singing his own song.
A speckled turtle rests in the path
To melt the cold from its shell,
And the boy runs by.

SONNET

Terry Nutter '68

As after daylight long has left the west
And night has fallen gently as the rain
All creatures and all men lie down to rest
That on the morrow they might rise again;
And as in winter flowers hide their buds,
And wither on their stalks, and seem to die
'Til Spring releases them with her sweet floods
And once again their faces see the sky;
As often in the cycle of the years
All art and beauty vanish from the earth
And lie concealed beneath immediate fears
To live again full strong after rebirth;
So no man dies, but in the memory
Of men he lives for all eternity.



When I Was Seven

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

i remember once
when i was seven
and the world was small
my grandmother
and my brother
and i
went on a trip
by boat
and i remember
standing on the deck
looking down
at my father
on the pier
alone
and so small

and i cried

and he went home
and propped his feet

but i cried

When he speaks
I can hear
the blades of grass
filling with green.

Then, there are times
when all I can hear
is the pounding, pounding
of freshly fallen snow,

and when our eyes meet
and the sleeping flowers
blossom,
tasting like the warm.



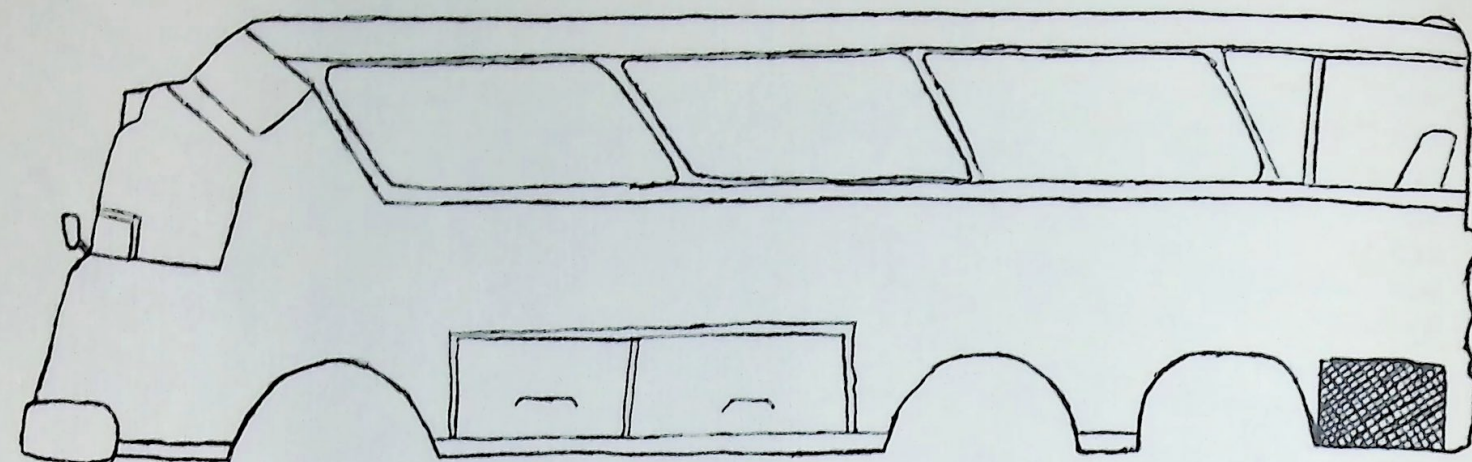
Listen to the Still Day

Karen Largent '68

QUICK-FUNNY

The Bumblebee Staff '68

My aunt put cinnamon
on top of applesauce
And I stirred it up
and made her mad,
But she shouldn't have been
Because applesauce
made with rich, ripe,
best-in-all-the-world-
MacIntosh-apples
Ought to be speckled.
... And speckling
makes applesauce
melt in your mouth
and not in your spoon.



Song of Myself - Jim Doner '69

I am myself, and you are yourself.
I feel one thing, and you feel another, for I am not you and
you are not me.

I do not know you and you do not know me. But we, and every
man and every woman and every child are of one.
We make up the small within the large, as each grain of sand
makes up the beach.

We are like the grains, not one grain of sand is like the
other, but as grains make up the beach we make up the free.
I look into the heavens and see only the stars and of what
the heavens are made.

I look out across the sea and see only water and of what the
sea is made.

I look into myself and see what I am and of what I am made.

The heavens, I do not try to change them or rearrange them,
for I am not the Maker.

The sea. I do not try to change it or remove the bad fishes,
for I did not make the sea or put the fishes there.

Myself, I do try to change and make myself and remove the
bad from myself.

I am one with hopes of myself and of my own hopes I see myself
in them. I also see hopes for you and see you with my hopes.

Variations on a Pointed Finger

Karen Largent '68

Straight through to the
end of the corridor.

Don't ever use that word
in this house again!
just one... I don't have
time for two.

Shh! This is a
place of worship.
Same to you, buddy!
Look!

Stoned?

Me?

You and you and you and you and...

Careful, I bruise easily.

Wait a minute, I think

I've got it!

That's the one, officer.

No, it's broken.

Is that a girl?

Wind's coming

from the east.

It's a bird, it's a plane...

BANG! Gotcha!



WIGGLIES

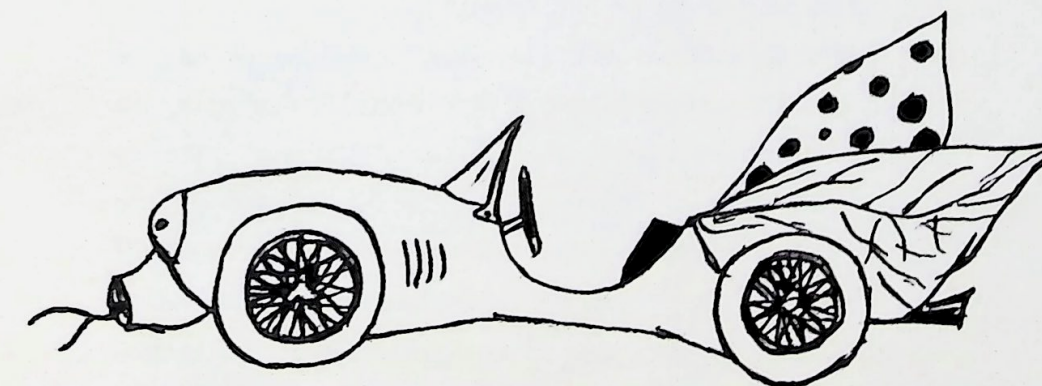
Jed Orkin '69

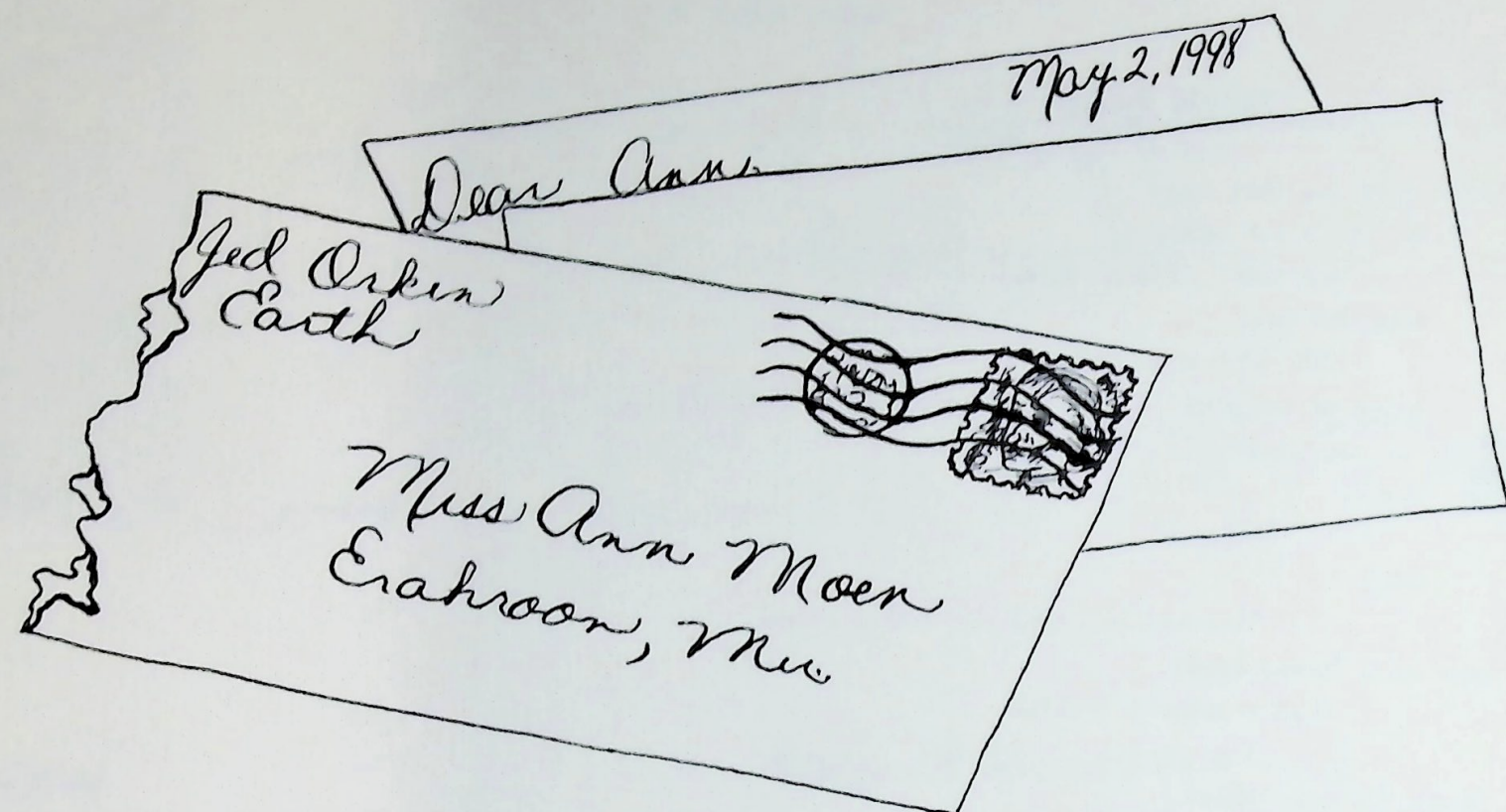
Johnnie lived on a planet many times the size of earth.
Earth scientists thought there couldn't be life-bearing planets
that big, but there were, so I'm going to tell it that way. And
his name wasn't really Johnnie, but I'm going to tell it that
way. Johnnie was a little under four feet tall. Actually, he was
about 497 feet tall, but I'm going to tell it that way.

Today was the day little Johnnie got to try that brand
new cereal he had begged his mommy to get. His mommy
thought it was awful, but he had seen it on T.V. and he *wanted*
it. So, he jumped up and down until his mommy said she would
buy some. Now, you may think Johnnie and his mommy were
like people but they weren't, no, not at all, but I'm going to
tell it that way. So, now, Johnnie was sitting down at the
kitchen table with his new box of "Wiggles" right in front of
him. He read what was on the box:

New! From all the way across the galaxy! All
the way from planet 147xa! Bite-size, cream-filled
and crrrrunchy! WIGGLIES!

And little Johnnie picked up the box and poured out almost 500
wiggling, squirming people. Even one of those scientists, who
didn't believe Johnnie's planet had existed, came out. Ooohh,
see how they wiggle when I pour on the milk! thought Johnnie.





Dear Ann,

How are you? I'm fine. I've got to tell you about this *wild* party I was at yesterday. There was this kooky old professor there who was telling us how the world was going to end, and he was serious! But he wasn't even talking about how it was going to end tomorrow. No, he was talking about how it was going to end a million and a half years from now! On the dot! He looked like the kind of guy you see in the museum in the video tapes about the time before the PEACE. You know, when people still got old. He had *grey* hair and he even wore *glasses*! Imagine, in this day and age!

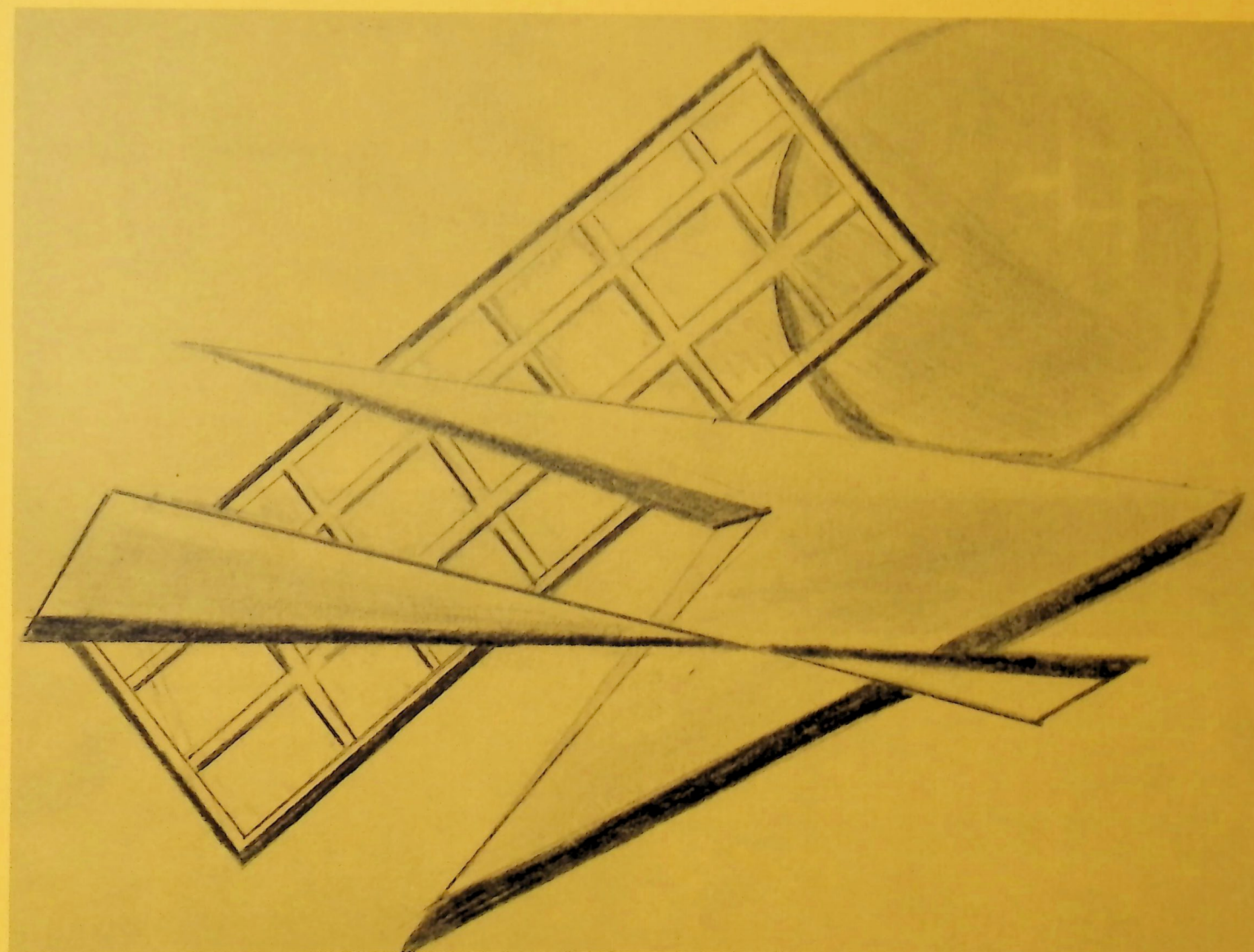
Well, anyway, he said he was a mathematician of the old style (whatever that is) and had calculated when the

world would end. He said that if all the molecules in an object all of a sudden jumped in the same direction at the same time, then the object would all of a sudden, regardless of other forces, jump in that direction. Well, I told him I learned all about that in the first grade. Then he told me he had figured out the odds against it. Later, he calculated the average molecular density of the earth, accounting for its centrifugal forces acting on the molecules, finally, finding the total average number of molecules at the present time, he calculated how long it would take before all those molecules, with all their possible movements would jump in the same way! Logically, he corrected for molecular loss to the atmosphere and deep space and came up with one and a half million years and 257 days from the date of the party.

You know I'm pretty good at science in school, and just that day my teaching computer had told me scientists had finally determined the exact age of the earth. Guess what? The earth is really 1,525,000 years younger than they thought before. So, that proved his theory wrong, cuz according to *his* theory, the earth should have blown up 25,000 years ago. I knew I had him there, so I told him about it and everyone had a good laugh. He just turned pale and went off into a

corner, muttering. The rest of the night was a blast. But just as we were leaving, we heard a cry from the corner and he ran up to us, crying hysterically, "The world's going to end!" We all laughed some more and went out. Honestly, I think he went mad, cuz I told him he was off by 25,000 years... Crazy as a fruit! As I was closing the door I could still hear him yelling, "You don't understand! You don't understand!"

I was laughing so hard tears were running down my cheeks. Just imagine thinking that the world was going to en



Popsicle Love

Joel Lundy

I don't know why.

I suppose it is a sin to love so unspecifically. But humans are oblivious to such sin.

They go and love beneath some unspecific apple tree—some unspecific pineapple raspberry tree.

Sylvia's butterfly skirt was doomed to grass stains. She moved out of the shade into the warm kissy sun and the hazy painted sky. With her lips closed she said, "It's just as pretty as a picture."

"Reality," he said (Sylvia winced), "IS an art form. Within the frames of reality we all seek to paint our perfect little still lifes and always an apple rolls off the table."

"I do declare, when you commence talking that way with that far away look in your eye, I scarcely know what to think." Sylvia's tongue became a mountain in her cheek. Feeling crushed he leaned on one elbow and stuck a piece of grass in his mouth while Sylvia hummed and picked Queen Anne's Lace.

"Sylvia?" he said. She was planting the bony September stalks with reverence in his armpit.

"Sylvia?" he asked, looking silly.

"Silence. I give you a gift." Queen Anne's Lace protruded from his collar, formed ruffles at his wrists, added inches to his elbows.

"Sylvia?"

"If you move" said she, "my gift will fall."

And she walked off leaving him in the shade of the tree.

Now that its over
we are glad.

Hool run fastest, you er I.

Hool laff lowdest—we will try.



I want to climb a young-old tree
And sit in the highest branches
And have a blue jay laugh at me
'Cause only birds can fly from trees
But the wind blows my hair and branch
And my heart and mind fly farther
Than any old jay ever could.
And I don't have to write dumb themes
And I can start sentences with "and"
And Inspiration does too have a mind
No matter what People in Authority say
And I am free because I'm me.

Teresina Skinner
'68

Pome

STILLNESS

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

If all
That is stillness
Is removed from our lives
A riot takes place from within
Ourselves.

Smile

Jane Ellen Mahanes '68

A smile
from anyone
can set my lips afire
and quickly spread to many more
sad lives.

LOVE

Andy Rockett '68

Night stars,
Fading in dawn,
Call me back and tell me
To dream only on tomorrows...
Love's odd.

Child

Phyllis Hopkinson '69

The child
grown not so small
pulls from his mother's grip
to hold the hands of hopeful dreams
alone.



FRUSTRATION

Donna Renfro '68

Before
The sun sets dark
Life shadows fade into
Lost opportunity within
Someone.

Compensation

Jesse Taylor '68

A tear
Seizing sorrows,
Smothering happiness,
Dispersing to nothingness and
Colors.

REMINDER

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

Winter
With breath of ice
Reminds us of a time
When man wasn't quite the creature
He is.

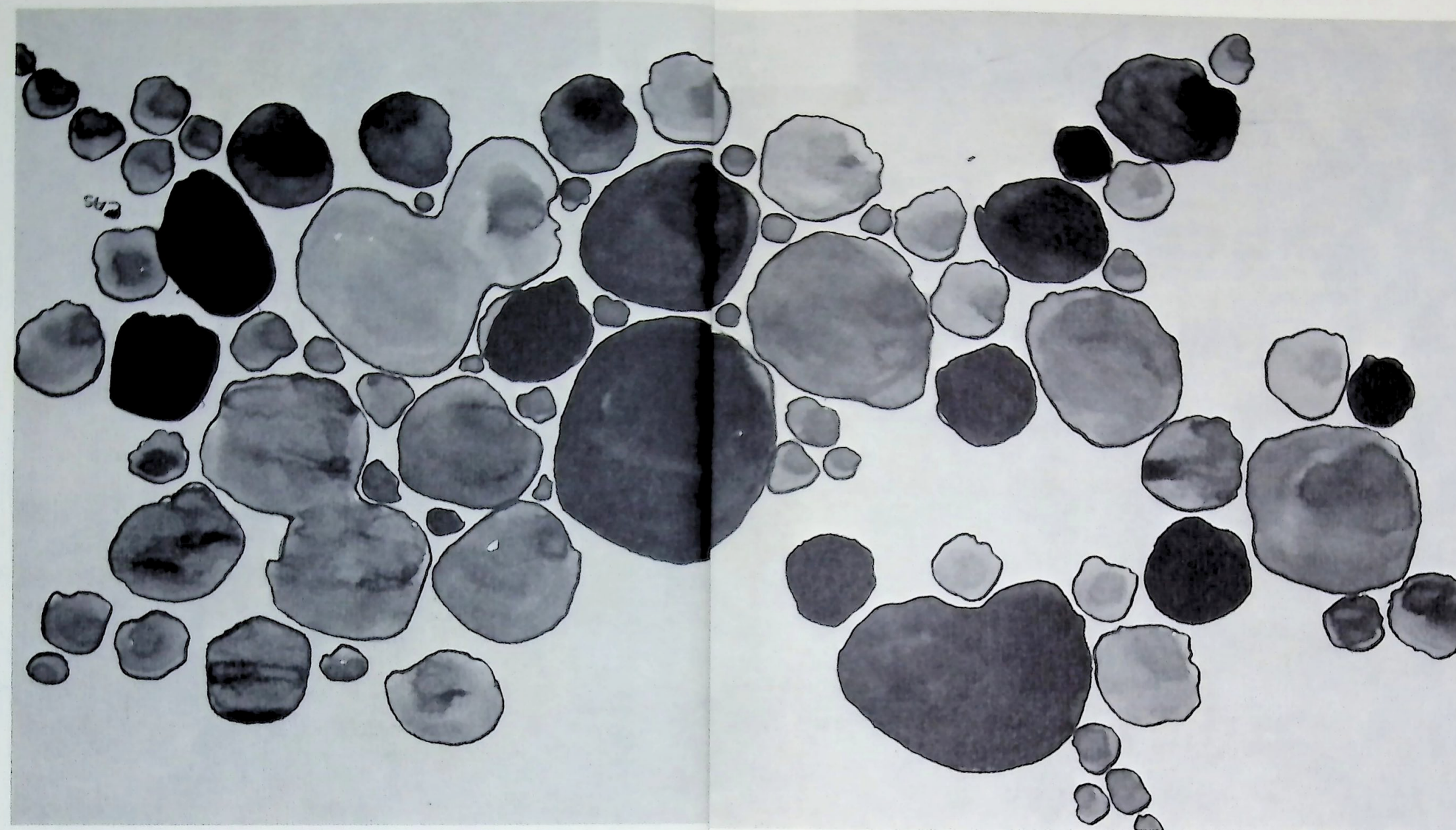
SACRIFICE *Gale Waldman*

IN THE GREAT DARKNESS
 ONLY ONE TORCH BURNED.
 IT'S hotroastingfiercelflame
 SENT A destructive glow
 INTO ALL THE CORNERS.
 THEN A SMALL FIGURE SLITHERED
 ALONG THE DAMP, SMELLY EARTH
 AND, THROWING ITSELF ONTO THE roaring
 flame,
 SNUFFED IT OUT.
 Suddenly, onemillionsoftdelicate
 candles
 LIT THE VOID
 AND I SMELLED . . . roses.

On War — *Mike Meeks '69*

A wild army
 A lusty army flies
 Across the land
 Burning to the ground
 All the dignity of man.
 Three horses,
 Five horses lying
 On the ground

With heads bowed
 In one final reverence
 To the earth.
 Two soldiers
 One soldier;
 Now there are none
 Who would bow
 To anyone.



STONE FLOWERS

Gale Waldman

It will be too late
 When all flowers are false
 And their scents are chemistry

And stone flowers cover the facades
 Of the Great Government buildings
 And little Dee Dee asks . . .
 "What are those things?"

And factories turn out 2 million
 five-dollar bottles
 Of rose and lilac perfume in a year
 From a memory fading fast
 And it's gone

And the stone flowers crumble
 And the scents are useless
 And the music empty

And art is dust
 And "unnecessary words hamper efficiency"
 And "love is your duty"

And its gone . . .

GONE

Peace

Mike Davis '69

Fields of fresh spring grass
 Limp with rain
 Rim a small wood.
 A misty veil is drawn closed
 With faintly glowing shrouds of dew.
 Walkway spotted with age,
 Gate rusted iron brown,
 Stones stained gray,
 And silence.
 Men resting in Peace.

SPRING *Jesse Taylor '68*

"I love to walk in fields like this. They're so green and the sun is so bright and warm. I guess I just love spring. It's a 'new beginning,' ya' know. Have you ever seen the sky quite this blue?"

"No . . . it seems like spring is a jumble of colors: green grass, bright yellow sun, blue sky, multi-colored flowers. When I watch the colors long enough, they begin to mix, and I see blue grass, a green sun, a deep, purple sky . . . Love me?"

"We're getting kind of low on money again."

"At least we'll never have to worry where the next meal will come from."

"I can't stand watching that yellow suit in the store window wasting away."

"I'm sorry. We just can't . . ."

"The landlady called again. Have you been to the bank yet?"

"No, I spent the bus fare to town for the rose I bought for you."

"Thank you."

"Love me?"

The Question

Ted Garnett '68

i asked How for you

she sd How dyou want me answer

i sd i dont care

i imagine she sd How for me is

How for you

wowie zowie i sd

"I guess so."

"My boss infuriates me. I'm not his servant or errand boy. Today, I must have made fifty trips to the snack bar for him. He even made me return his penny change! I wish I could find a better job."

"You'll always be doing chores and jobs that you don't enjoy, even in spring."

"Yeah, but I can hardly wait until I'm my own boss. He can't understand that I not only have to put up with him, but I have to go to school every night."

"Even when you're an independent worker, there will be companies or modern trends to boss you around."

"I just can't put up with that . . . No one understands how he bugs me."

"I understand. But it's Spring . . . Let's be happy."

"I know . . . Okay . . . Love me?"

"Yeah."

and yet

Mike Davis '69

and yet the people listen
straining for every word
hoping for enlightenment
in this troubled time
but all they hear
are lifeless slogans and
eight-letter abstracts
elevated to ritual
before the final sacrifice
begins
and yet the people listen

EXCURSION

Jed Orkin '69

And then you'll see winged camels

Fly across the moon,

When penguins of desire

Race across sand dunes.

And you shall be free

From the worry of what's real;

Drop another bomb

And end up aboreal

And swing from vine to vine,

In forests violet and red,

Where there is no need for listening

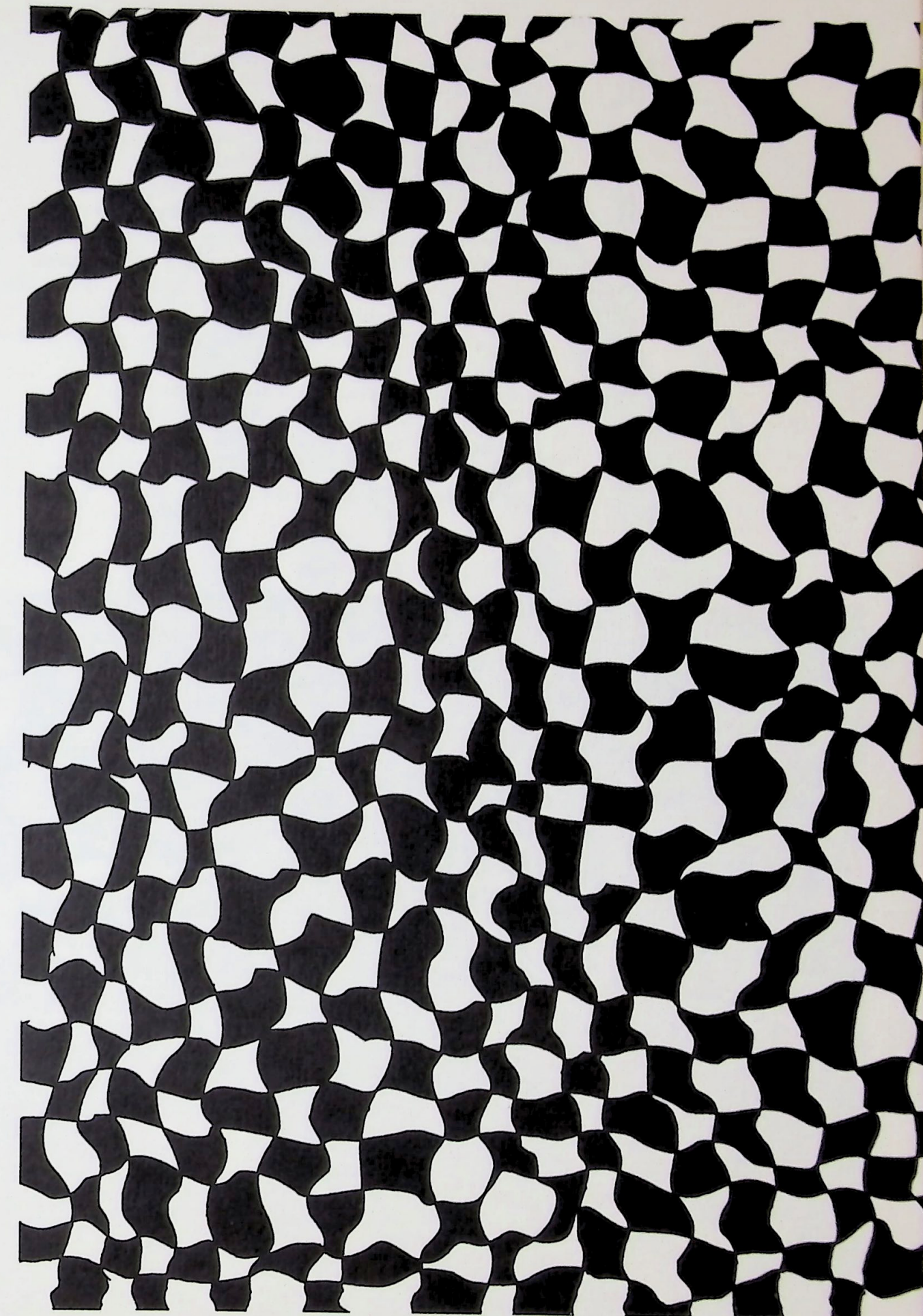
To hear what is said.

But go ride upon those camels,

And race penguins over dunes

For we all are filing, anyway,

To meet our separate dooms.



THE PASSING

Purple is the night and cold blows the wind,
Cold and dead with the life of death;
Dead but not still, never still while the Earth moves.
The wind blows cold with a promise of death,
Death and loneliness compounding.
The moon overlooks in silence, then drops away
Through the trees that rest at the edge of the world,
As the cold wind shudders through the lavender night.
Now the light is grey with the passing of the moon,
Pale ashen grey, the color of death. Coldest now is the wind
As it feels through the air, groping for the moon.
But the moon is gone, and frantic now it paws the trees,
Seeking as it dies. A fiery dragon rises;
A fierce Eastern dragon, Oriental in its hues.
Now the air is free, and the dragon lives.
But the wind comes again, a foul corpse-wind,
As the dragon dies and lies bright in his splendor,
And purple is the night once more.

Gary
Mawyer '70



REFLECTION

Kristin Caruso '68

I studied the face, watching the brown eyes intently. They seemed to stare through me, as though missing their mark in trying to see deep inside of me. The more I looked, the more they seemed to see. But neither of us understood.

The eyes became less distinct to my gaze. My attention centered on the dark brown hair, clipped short, and now all out of place. My eyes followed every strand to see where it led, in opposition to where it should have led. I wondered why it went where it went, and why she let it.

Soon the hair, as the eyes before it, ceased to be the focal point of my sight. The body took form, and the ill-fitting blouse became my target. Too small, it pulled in the shoulders, neck, and sleeves, betraying the gain of weight from some formerly slim figure. I asked myself why she has allowed herself to gain the weight. But this, too, faded away.

Her slacks fit, even in her crosslegged sitting, but were of an odd color . . . one obviously wrong for her. The pigment and texture of her skin cried out in anguish at the choice of the color.

The girl was all wrong and didn't know, I thought. How silly of her, to be all wrong and not understand or care.

Suddenly, I saw the girl in a huge proportion, blown-up, as it were, in a larger-than-life photograph with every detail sharpened to crystal clarity. Then, with the same suddenity, she blurred into a small, dark object, far away.

When she returned to her actual size, she became her reality: my reflection in the mirror. But I did not learn.



SECURITY

Lisa Heeschen '69

Security: freedom from danger, care, or fear; feeling or condition of being safe.

He wanted desperately to get back. To get back to his own room where nothing could harm him, where everything was quiet and undisturbed.

He couldn't remember why he had left, or who had taken him away. He only knew that since he had left, nothing was the same. Everything had changed; there was no order, no system. All around him were people: strange people, loud people, busy people. They were always talking, always moving, always bothering him. He couldn't stand them, he didn't want them around him. He left them. He just started walking away from where they were. It didn't matter where he went, just as long as he got rid of the people.

Everywhere he went, there were always people: people, people, people! He was sick of them! He wanted to run, to get away, to get back to his room. Maybe if he ran, he would find his room.

No matter where he ran there were still people: people talking, laughing, walking, running. He didn't understand them. Nothing made sense. He screamed . . . and then he screamed again and again . . . and then there was nothing . . .

Later, it must have been later, he was with the familiar people! They were quiet and didn't rush about. They took him to a room, his room, where his friends, the white-coated people, took care of him. His room, where no one could touch him . . . where he was safe.



THE LUNATIC

Ted Garnett '68

I wonder when I wonder why

I wonder why I have to die

I dream and wait and eat dead meat

I scream and hate and crush cold feet

I lick the sweets from garbage cans

I hide when offered upturned hands

I take the clothes from off the floor

I sigh and put them on once more

I sneak and slink thru darkened halls

I watch for monsters and pitfalls

I root the hair from off my head

I throw the mattress off the bed

I see the fear in people's eyes

I cry and they ignore my cries

I sit all stoned with flaming brain

I listen as they say "insane!"

I feel stone harden on my face

I stare into unempty space

And damned be he who into the sea

Of my sovereignty would creep.

LAMENT #7

Karen Largent '68

What makes the gypsy cry
when his is the world for a lover?
What puts the tears in his eyes
when he has the sun to make him laugh
and the seas to drown his sorrow?
Why does he sit, head hung,
when his is the wind to ride?
Why can't he be at peace
with a sky puffed with clouds to dream on?
Why does he sing laments
when his are the melodies of birds?
And why does he hide at nightfall
when the moon rides by his side?
He wrote it once in the sand
with his blood,
Just before the last tear fell . . .
"I've seen too much to forget."

ideal #1

Don Gianniny '68

Beautiful ballerina
dancing your life
round this beautifully spun ball
Do bow low enough
to touch the stain
of this beautifully spun ball
Keep dancing forever
even when you see
no beauty in this old spun ball
And don't despair
when you then see
that it wasn't spun at all.



ILLUSION #3

Ted Garnett '68

Temple with jade columns
Altar fire, heaven incense
Golden Buddha with a dove in hand
And a burning ruby in his forehead
A lotus pool cool and deep
Goldfish glide among still green stems
An eternity of peace . . .
Volcanic thunder in the rain forest morning!
Weeping vines mount the wizened trees
Apes converse, snakes whisper
(maya)
In the dusty bazaar merchants howl
A cart clatters over smooth stone
Blind and leprous beggars nod and murmur
(maya)

an almost poem of JADE

Sandi Ellis '68

This was going to be
a profoundly
poetic poem
which,
unfortunately, is deceased.
(Untimely death resulting from
acute spring fever centering
in the mind of its inspiration.)

SO

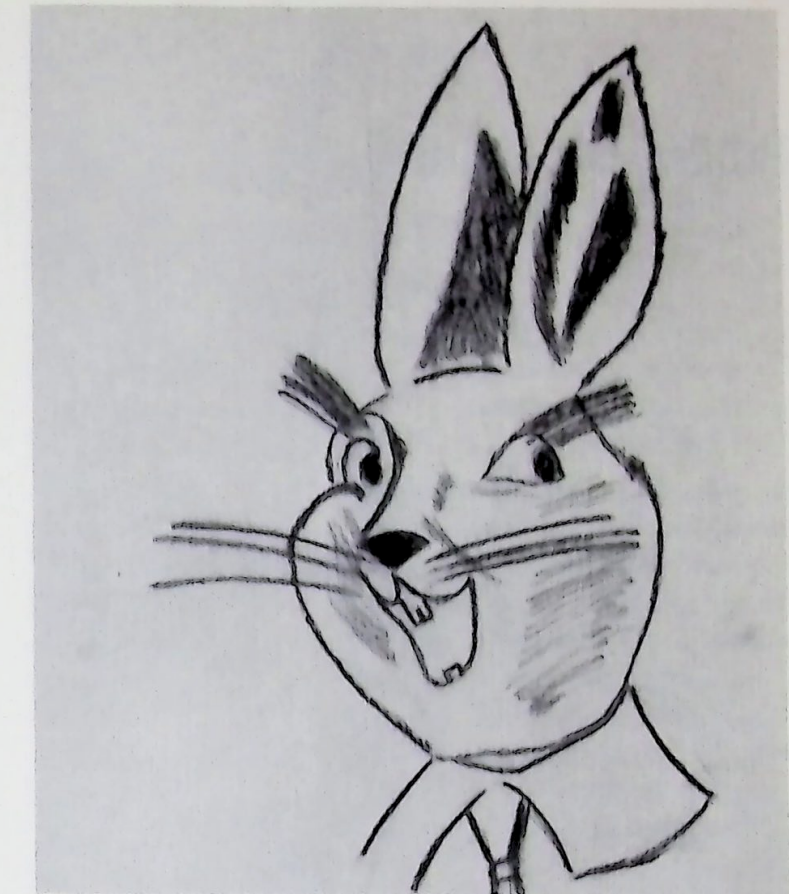
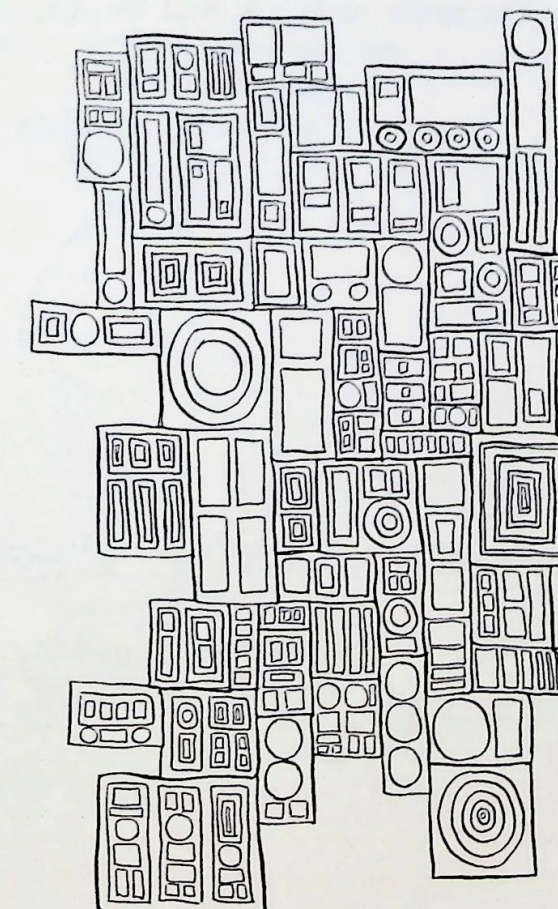
unless YOU
can interpret
the great gray thoughts
hidden in this line
once destined to be many lines,
a great, monumental, incredible
work of art
will be lost to the world.

EPITAPH:

This was a poem that started to be
But dribbled off—ah, alas . . . lack of energy.

R. I. P.

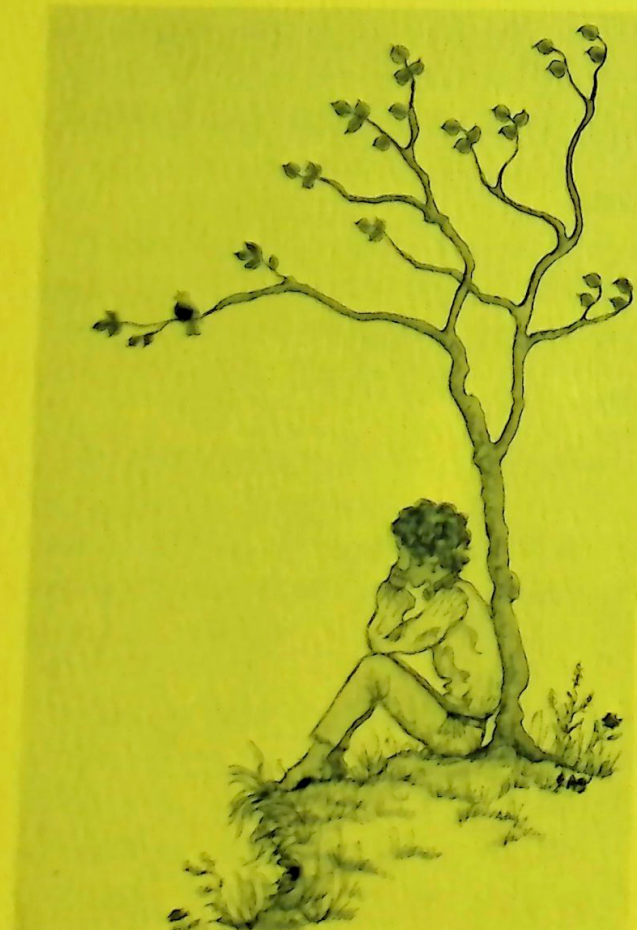
OH WELL



NEVER TELL A SECRET

Bill Stinnie '68

One bright spring morning, Pop Rabbit decided to go for a stroll in the pasture. On his way, he came across a trio of bouncy dandelions bathing in the sun. Knowing that dandelions kept a big secret, Pop Rabbit decided to get them interested in what he was talking about and then he would ask them the question that would seal their doom. "Good morning," said Pop Rabbit. "Good morning," replied the dandelions. Pop Rabbit talked about everything he knew that didn't concern dandelions. Finally, realizing they weren't paying much attention to him, Pop Rabbit said, "Please tell me the name of the best wine in the land." "Silly rabbit," giggled the dandelions, "everybody knows that dandelion wine is the best wine in the land." Realizing what they had done, the dandelions gulped for words of mercy. However, they gulped in vain because in one big trounce, Pop Rabbit swept them up in his arms and sped home. From that day on, everybody who passed Pop Rabbit's house claimed that he was in a drunken stupor singing, "Never Tell a Secret!"



POEM of JADE

Sandi Ellis '68

Let me laugh. Let me sing.
Break my chains. Let me go.
Let me play in soft, sleepy meadows
Protected by mountains.
I will lie in the grass all twinkley with dew
And tickle fuzzy caterpillars.
And the Sun will warm the hands I stretch to him.
And the Moon will frost the mists
that rise and roll and curl
Up
from the serene green pool.
The water will stretch broad and silent
to a hemlock fortress
(they droop their lacy branches to kiss
the champagne water)
I will sail the lake on foamy whipped cream
(sometimes pink)
And laugh at little fat furry creatures
I will walk with my mind through the glade
And look up and see with my soul
I will smile and breathe
and feel the strength of my arms
and the power of my stride.



The delicate dawn will come to light
the wanderings of my mind.
I will be amazed by green and yellow
and lavender and green.
At noon I will pile a million little funny flowers
together
and throw them to the clouds
But they throw them back and they fall
around me and on my head.
Then I will climb a tree to watch
The wind blow and the grass grow.
I will speak a language of words of
strung-together melody
that by their sounds and harmony
define themselves.
The gentle night will float the day away
and fold around me
balmy calm
I will sleep . . .



POEM #12

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

Oh, did the trees come alive
With a wild duck shriek
And a fat frog sigh!
The flicker of little live lights
(Mini-strobes)
Was enough to show me many scenes
Or darkwood glory.
A little soft baby something
Was trembling in the wet new evening
Big eyed Big eared
A hundred rodents stole noisily away
Kidnapping oak children in the night.
The blackness brought a doe
Shy
Sensitive
Down from her home in the hills
To drink from the cold running stream
That had no time to play
Or even linger in leafy pools.
It was all so beautiful
So dark and mysterious
And all that was wrong
Was me.



Slumber

Susan Gilbert '68

A leaf
Falling to earth
Rests gently in slumber
And quiet acknowledgement of
Its death.



Ambition

Teresina Skinner '68

Rose vine on the pole
With thorny fingers grasping
Climbing to the sky.

What?

Gary Mawyer '70

What powder to simplify passion?
What curses for the unfaithful?
Speak, Science! I listen! What spells
To hold off rivals and their demons?
Come, O Ye Wise; speak and help;
Grind foul powders for fair causes.
And if Ye cannot, what help for us?
Weave dark spells for me, please.
Ochre-robed savants of old Egypt,
White-clad virgins in marble temples,
Devadassis of Oriental fame,
These could have helped easily;
Why can Ye not?

Perhaps Aphrodite is not dead,
Only weakened by laughter.
Perhaps Bacchus will come again;
Perhaps Bast will howl once more.
Temples can always be rebuilt.



IN DEFIANCE OF COLD

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

despite the sighs of dying leaves
and moans of arthritic old trees
winter is but a myth

if your heart is young
if your head is alive with songs
of spring

for no snow can last
if your blood is full of the warmth
of summer nights
and

winter will tremble before the mighty blast
that is the renaissance of that
eternal spring love

Blizzard

Ted Garnett '68

Winged wind
Ice-taloned
Soaring and plunging to
Depths and heights of
Unheard music and cold.

Crystals of siberia-white light
Burst from eddies of
Solid air;
There is no
Blackness nor
White in my sky.

MOUSE TRAP

Jed Orkin '69

"Now you take this or I'll ram it down your throat!"
Actually it was just an idle threat—he really didn't have a
throat. "If you don't, I'll, I'll . . ." I couldn't think of anything
so I shut up. Well, what would you do if a so-and-so robot
wouldn't take his medicine?

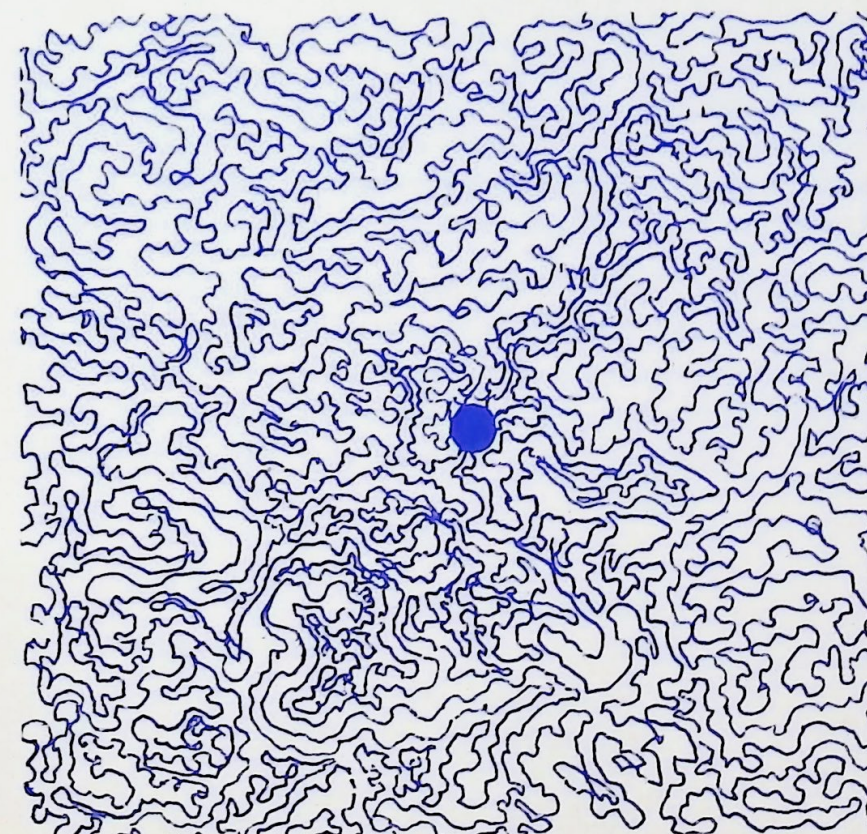
Solo went off to a corner wildly waving his arms scream-
ing: "Away foul beast! Begone! Cease your appalling actions!
Desist!" You gotta understand Solo wasn't quite normal.

"Buurrpp!" Ah yes; I forgot about Gandymede. He isn't
normal either. In fact he isn't. Maybe I better explain. You
see, about a week ago Solo was standing in front of his full
length mirror in one of his trances of self-admiration and
concentration. Then he suddenly whirled to face Gandymede
and hissed, "Away beastie!" and Gandymede disappeared!
Zap! Like that! Right from the middle of the floor! Solo sighed:
"Aahhh, ecstasy!" He returned to his mirror and that was
that. But Solo didn't get rid of Gandymede all together. Every
few minutes I still hear him burp.

Now that you're straightened out I'll continue.

"Buurrpp!" Again, Gandymede was really outdoing him-
self.

I stumbled across the floor littered with my equipment
to talk to Solo.



"Help, murder!" he screamed. "Eeaaah! Away madman! Oh my!
Oh my! What will become of my beautiful self? Is there no end to
ugliness? Away, away I say! Get ye gone!"

I thought of a new attack. "Solo, now, can I be mad? I think
you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Nothing on earth
compares to your clear plastic body and chromeplated gears! Why,
nothing in the universe rivals your seventeen-carat gold circuit boards.
Oh, the wonderfulness of yourself!"

"Yes, the wonderfulness of myself," he murmured dreamily.
"Possibly you are not totally insane."

"Solo, I have something to make you more beautiful!" In truth,
it was something I cooked up to shut him off. Ever since I invented
him I got no rest from his antics, and zapping Gandymede was the
last straw. Anyway, now that they invented pop top cans I didn't
need a can opener.

"Drink this and your perfection shall be immortalized!" I said.

"Immortalized?"

"Immortalized."

"Hhmmm."

"The eighth wonder of the world!"

"Hhmmm." Solo was almost in a trance again. As long as he
stayed that way, I had a chance of getting him to take it. "Im-
mortalized? Forever?"

"Yes, think of it! Enjoying yourself forever! Nirvana! Pure
Heaven!"

"Indeed, that would be so. I will not be altered in any other way?
My beauty will not be tampered with?"

"NO! NO! Take it!"

"Yes. It is my duty to the world. Give it to me."

"Here," I said anxiously, and he drew it to his mouth.

"Immortality!" he murmured.

But before he drank, a giant "Bbbuuurrpp!" shook the room.

"Oh Gandymede, how could you?" I mourned. "Why now? Why
so loud?"

"Eeaaahh! Poison! Murder!" Solo raved, his trance destroyed.
"A plot to destroy me! A pox on you, you foul feathered bat! The
world will hear of your attempted crime against humanity!" He threw
the drink to the floor and ambled away screaming.

I turned and found the reason for Gandymede's outburst. He
had reappeared and in his joy could not control himself. Now he was
squatting there, all two feet of him, just blowing smoke rings out of
the top of his head. Well anyway he was back. At least now I could
get my pencils sharpened.

YOU and I

Karen Largent '68

We sit in idle conversation,
you intent upon your words
and I, pretending.
I want to dive past these words
and transcend this facade

but the barriers are too thick
and your mind is too closed.

Your eyes never glance at mine
and your syllables maintain

a steady drone of persistence.

You speak of urgency and value

while I dream on.

And until our minds are one
we'll sit in idle conversation,
you intent upon your words
and I, pretending.

GENTLE

Karen Largent

*Frightened by the thunder,
Farn, a small, furry dog,
cuddles close
by my side
and closes his eyes.
He thinks I smell gentle.*

SUMMER FANTASY

T. A. Parker Jr. '68

The beach was wispy with night's last shadows
and the gentle sighing of the sea promised a good
day. A girl and I walked the oatmeal sand . . . a
girl I had known for years and only just met. The
sea burned a hot orange and old Sol smiled at the
glory of us . . . the girl and I. Her hand was light
and cool in mine as she silently told me of herself.
We stopped by the shore to watch the sandpipers
breakfast and found ourselves laughing at their
courage. Far, far down the beach a pier ran out to
meet the sea. Behind us, on the boardwalk, a cat
on his way back into reality after a night in the
jungle, eyed our bird-friends kindly and ran purring
to rub our legs.

We found a deserted pail and shovel and started
to dig in the sand. A fiddler crab posed menacingly
at the door of his tunnel, but he had trouble in
appearing frightening so early in the morning and
his dead eyes glittered with frustration in the warm,
young sun. Far out to sea, a freighter drifted along
the edge of the world. A herd of rowdy porpoises
were stirring and frothing in the early water and
they stopped to make sure we were still watching.
We laughed into each other's eyes and waded into
the bubbling foam. The day was growing and soon
the crowds would arrive and nature would hide
from the candy wrappers and beer cans and
wait for the night. We walked along the surf line
and let the tiny waves wash our feet. We kept
walking until we were far away and the sea had
erased our footprints.

A man on the beach saw the porpoises and ran
off into the day screaming, "Sharks!"

Innocence

Tom Hartsell '68

Worlds pass
Centuries fade
Folks die in endless shame
But innocence stands in torn worlds
With love

"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever"

Jed Orkin '69

There was a tale about the black forest of a magic power that
loomed and lurked everywhere in that tangled mass of life. The story
has been forgotten long ago, and now only a dread and a loathing
to enter that evil place remains. There was one who managed enough
courage to go and explore the mystery, but he never returned. He set
out one day with a knapsack and a staff. As he neared the forest's
edge, he slowed as the sun was blotted out by the towering trees.
But something made him wander in. Possibly he believed the story
of the great treasure the forest supposedly hid. Possibly he was
suicidal. Maybe he was a fool. For some undetermined reason he
entered. Immediately he was surrounded by the oppressive darkness.
He stumbled and fell, and when he arose he could not see the way
out. So close to the forest's edge and he was lost. He blundered onward
not knowing where he was going. Branches slashed and whipped
him, and still he went on. Finally he dropped to his knees and sat.
It was then that fear overcame him. It was not fear of darkness or
death. It was a fear spawned by the sound of a song. And it was then
he was afraid—afraid of this place that imprisoned such a wonderful
thing. The song was unlike anything he had ever heard. It was a
song the wind outside had never carried. It seemed to play in his
head but was ever ahead of him. He pursued it for hours and as he
went on, the brush and trees no longer tore at him. Finally he could
sense nothing near him and stopped. And then the darkness began
to thin. There was no light from anywhere. The darkness simply
thinned and dissipated. It got thinner and thinner, and then he looked
about and saw. He was in the center of a clearing about thirty feet
in diameter. The ground was bare, and the trees formed a perfect
circular wall around him. He looked down and at his feet was a cube
almost the size of his fist. Surrounding the cube was a crystal clear
halo . . .

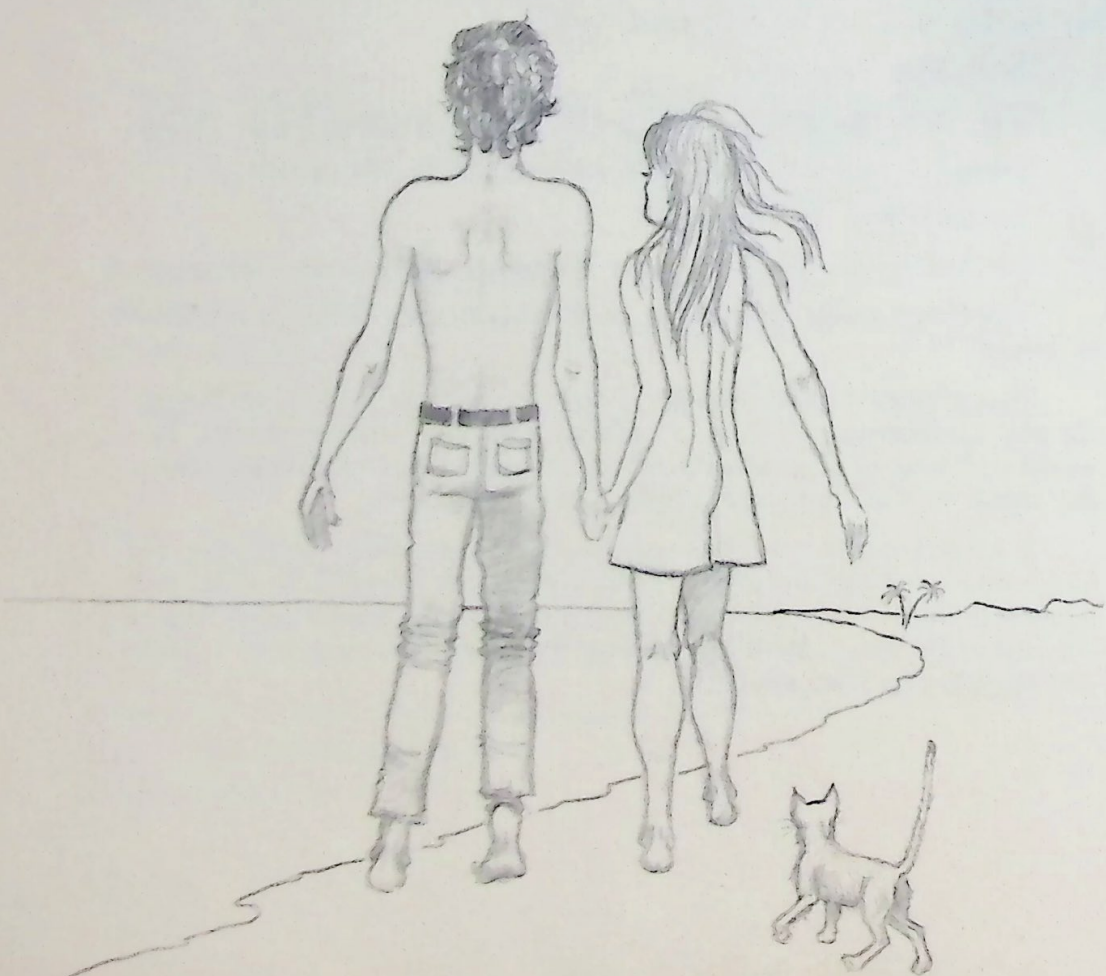
Yes, I know I shall never return. I know when you will die. I know
when peace will reign. I know. You see, my cube does something with
time. When I look into it, darkness is conquered. With it I may see
what is to be: why, on a clear day I can see forever.

LIFE

Virginia Jones '68

Life is:

Joy to those who love it,
Grief for those who curse it,
Strange to those who discover it,
Wonder for those who search it,
Clear to all who accept it,
and
Lovely for all who believe in it.





ONE NIGHT STAND

Jed Orkin '69

Up at two
in the afternoon,
the time to leave
will come too soon.
Out to the car
to drive to the hall,
to go on stage
when you get the call.
Gulp some coffee,
eat a roll.
Take the guitar
try some soul,
then some blues
and a little folk.
Remember last night
and laugh at that joke.
Pick up the Camels
and try a smoke.
Now more awake,
look down at your hand
it starts to shake.
Curse and cough
and grab your jacket,
find some change
decide to hack it.
Open the door
go down the hall
hear the floor
see shadows tall.
To the head of the steps,
careful, don't fall.
"Charge the bunker!"
and down you go.
Flash out the entrance
see no one you know.
No one you know . . .
No one you know . . .
Up on stage and
no one you know.
Up on the stage and
no place to go . . .
That light blinds your eyes,
the audience quiets
but can't hear your cries.
And there's
no one you know
and no place to go . . .

EXISTENCE

Chris Schmiel '68

I am buried deep
In the sea of my thoughts;
I am lifted high
To the heights of my emotions;
I am sinking low
For the depths of my feelings;
I am fading fast
From the world of reality.

come with me

Kay Rover '68



come with me—run with me—skip-skip with me in the
myriads
of invented daisies
in our hazy lazy makebelieve fields . . .
delight with me in innocent empathy, simplistic joy
feel with me—reel with me under the warm wash
smothery buttery smoothy soothey blanket
of lusciously liquid light-warmth
from the sing happy sun . . .
lie with me—fly with me over green grasses and laughing buttercups
and thru tangly rangly grabby low
brambly rambly brush-bush patches
laugh with me—giggle,
tumble rumble
dash with me—jump, play, fly! now
is our moment . . .
now is for us.
our dazey crazy hazy warm joy, our laughter, our childhood
will burst
thru the bauble-bubble and fall plop ker plop
into Life
without regrets but never to be
entirely grasped gasped laughed again
see with me—be with me—come fly come feel . . .
now we are free
give with me, live with me, love with me . . .
love me.

1968
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fondue

arent these guys descriptions fantab-
ulous?
yeah . . . but whats the point?
people please read over the stuff in
the hasnt been read by enough people
file . . . and comment
why does it have to have a point?
its beautiful
but it doesnt mean anything and im
not particularly impressed
what did you get for number 27a?
people please read the stuff in the
has to be discussed file and see if
you still agree with your old comments
what did we have in french?
it has its good points but they dont
offset its bad ones
its too long
has everything in the yes file been
typed?
i don't get this experiment
at all
black or pream?
read this . . . it only needs
one more yes
i fell off the last stanza
i dont know what it is but it
feels like pudding
do you take sweeta?
people please read the stuff
in the hasnt been read by
enough people file . . . and
comment
we need more short stories
help . . . im drowning in a
sea of molasses
maybe if we were desperate
it dont schluck together right
a kaleidoscope of nothing . . .
ah so
this is a poem?
this is a poem
wheres my english book?
what happened to the doughnuts?
people please read the stuff
in the hasnt been read enough
people file . . . and comment
the margin release is jammed
youre supposed to triple space
never mind
too simplistic
lets send it off and see if it orbits
im seasick
i dont know
mayhaps
da
nein
don't like the last sentence
needs work
si
salaam
nyet
great
i think not
i changed my mind
no i didnt
a definite maybe yes
people please read the stuff in the
hasnt been read by enough people
file . . . and comment . . .
and
the
bee
buzzes
on

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